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Golden Tears



romance **dystopia** **destiny**

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Chapter 1 by Erjsl

I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I ran a finger down the scar on my left cheek. I'd had it for the longest time. I smoothed down my dress and stepped out into the light.

"Callie Maria Lewis." The announcer said loudly. I heard applause, but couldn't see anything the light was to bright. Slowly, the light begin to dim. I stepped forward. I looked around me. I stood in a circle. A man in a red suit came to stand in front of me.

"Do not be afraid Callie. This is your time." My time. This is my time. I looked at the man in the red suit.

"What do I do?" I asked. I knew what to do, but asking the question was protocol.

"There are 4 bowls. One green with dirt in it, one red with charcoals that will burn the minute something touches them, one blue with clear blue water in it, and one black with a gold inside." I nodded and he continued on. "We are going to put this vile—" He pointed to a silver vile. "Up next to your eye. Your eye will then reflexively release several tears. We will pour one tear onto a plate. The color of your tear will determine where you are sent. Red means you are sent to the war district to train for battle, blue: the most common; means you are sent back to your home to live in peace, green means you are sent to the outer limits of the cities to tend the farmland." I

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could hear gasps in the crowd. I saw my father and mother. My mother's head was buried in his chest. She was crying. The announcer spoke loudly into the microphone.

"Thank you for coming, you may all go now." The crowd cleared out. I began to leave, but the man in the red suit stopped me.

"The Baroness would like to speak to you." I nodded. He motioned for me to follow several guards into the palace.

Chapter 2 by Zara Rose



I don't know how long we walked. Down the halls of the extravagant palace, to see the Baroness. I had heard several stories about her and I didn't know if they were true or false. Most of the stories go that she had killed her husband to take over his fortunes and land, while other stories say that her husband died at sea when he went to a foreign land to further trade. I shuddered as a draft hit my bare arms and stopped suddenly to keep from running into the man in the red suit. He had stopped in front of double, birch wood doors that had several gold designs engraved in it. He turned to me.

"Do not speak unless spoken to," he said as his hand went to the door, then he paused. "And be polite."

I nodded as he opened the door and ushered me in. I looked around the extravagant room with an open mouth. Her room was HUGE! Everything was white and somehow that made the room look perfect.

"So, you're the one with the golden tear?" a feminine voice asked and my head turned to see her sitting at a small table, sipping tea.

"I guess?" I said it more as a question than an answer.

"Very rare," she said as she set down her glass with a small ping. "Very rare indeed."

"What am I doing here?" I asked, forgetting my place. "I beg your pardon, Miss."

"Oh, its quite alright dear," she said with a wave of her hand. "And you can call me Cosima."

She gave me a long, piercing look, as if she were judging a mare. She nodded her head and stood. She walked over to a desk with a jewelry box on top. She opened the lid delicately and brought out a silver necklace that had many intricate designs. The Baroness brought it over to me and

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"For you," she said with a smile. "This is a gift from my husband. I took it from him when he died. It's a second heart necklace."

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"You're suppose to wear it when you are coronated queen," she said as my mouth dropped open.

Chapter 3 by Erjsl



"No, I don't want to be queen." The Queen, Cosima, laughed.

"You know, I was once young and ambitious like you." She smiled. "Don't worry, you won't be coronated at once. First you must undergo training."

"Here?" I asked.

"No, no of course not, you will be sent away to an isolated island. There you will be training with two people, one for combat and another for beauty." I nodded listening. I really wanted to protest, but it seemed I had no choice.

"When do I leave?" I asked politely.

"Tomorrow at sunrise." She said blankly. She must have saw the sorrow in my eyes, because she said this next. "I understand what you're going through you know. I had to leave my family to." She said. I was confused. What did she mean. A single tear slid down her face. A single golden tear. "I'm like you." My eyes widened as I took in what I just heard and saw. "I'll come visit you on the island." I nodded.

"Do I need to pack?" I asked. Why did I ask that? Of course I'll need to pack.

"No, you needn't pack, clothes will be provided." She smiled again. "You may go now." I turned silently and began to leave. Before I could step out of the door she said, "No one is to know about this, where you are going, you amy tell your friends and family that you are leaving, but they must never know why or where." I turned and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Of course your majesty."

Chapter 4 by Magdalene



I sat silently on the bed in the room I was required to sleep in. The room was absolute posh but I didn't care. I didn't want to leave my family, my friends, or my city.

I cried into my hands, catching small golden tears. Whenever I caught one, I threw it on the ground, disgusted. "I had to be special." I muttered, my voice muffled.

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As I was adding things I needed to the bag the Queen had provided me with for my trip, a knock sounded on the door. I glanced up and then warily opened the door.

"Morning," said a boy. He stood in front of me wearing a t-Shirt that was decorated with comics under a blazer. He had bright, beautiful blue eyes and his hair was tossed from a restless night. He had a strong tan under his almost bleached white hair. I think he was a farmer's son. "I'm Clayton." He held out his hand for me to shake it.

I shook it and felt his calloused hand, "I'm Callie." I whispered quietly.

He nodded like he already knew, "Yeah. I'm the Queen's son. Mo--the Queen sent me over here to tell you so you wouldn't freak when we got to the island."

"Why would I freak?" I asked.

He shrugged and looked down at his shoes. "I'm the prince. You're next in line for Queen."

And then it hit me like a rock. But the only question I could ask was "If you're the Queen's son, why do you look like you worked on a farm all your life?" and then I passed out.

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